What wicked and diſſembling glaſſe, of mine,
Made me compare with *Hermias* ſphery eyen!
But, who is here? *Lyſander*, on the ground?
Dead, or a ſleepe? I ſee no blood, no wound,
Lyſander, if you liue, good ſir awake.
Lyſ. And runne through fire, I will for thy ſweete ſake.
Tranſparent *Helena*, nature ſhewes arte,
That through thy boſome, makes me ſee thy heart.
Where is *Demetrius*? Oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to periſh on my ſworde!
Hel. Do not ſay ſo, *Lyſander*, ſay not ſo,
What though he loue your *Hermia*? Lord, what though?
Yet *Hermia* ſtill loues you: then be content.
Lyſ. Content with *Hermia*? No: I doe repent
The tedious minutes, I with her haue ſpent.
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* I loue.
VVho will not change a Rauen for a doue?
The will of man is by his reaſon ſwai'd:
And reaſon ſaies you are the worthier maide.
Things growing are not ripe, vntill their ſeaſon:
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reaſon.
And touching now, the point of humane skill,
Reaſon becomes the Marſhall to my will,
And leads mee to your eyes; where I orelooke
Loues ſtories, written in loues richeſt booke.
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?
When, at your hands, did I deſerue this ſcorne?
Iſt not enough, iſt not enough, young man,
That I did neuer, no nor neuer can,
Deſerue a ſweete looke from *Demetrius* eye,
But you muſt flout my inſufficiency?
Good troth you doe mee wrong (good ſooth you doe)
In ſuch diſdainfull manner, mee to wooe,
But, fare you well: perforce, I muſt confeſſe,
I thought you Lord of more true gentleneſſe.

O, that a Ladie, of one man refuſ'd,
Should, of another, therefore be abuſ'd! *Exit.*
Lyſ. She ſees not *Hermia*. *Hermia*, ſleepe thou there,
And neuer maiſt thou come *Lyſander* neere.
For, as a ſurfet of the ſweeteſt things
The deepeſt loathing, to the ſtomacke brings:
Or, as the hereſies, that men doe leaue,
Are hated moſt of thoſe they did deceiue:
So thou, my ſurfet, and my hereſie,
Of all be hated; but the moſt, of mee:
And all my powers addreſſe your loue and might,
To honour *Helen*, and to be her knight. *Exit.*
Her. Helpe mee *Lyſander*, helpe mee: do thy beſt
To pluck this crawling ſerpent, from my breſt.
Ay mee, for pittie. What a dreame was here?
Lyſander looke, how I doe quake with feare.
Me thought, a ſerpent eate my heart away,
And you ſate ſmiling at his cruell pray.
Lyſander what, remou'd? *Lyſander*, Lord,
What, out of hearing, gon? No ſound, no word?
Alacke where are you? Speake; and if you heare:
Speake, of all loues. I ſwoune almoſt with feare.
No, then I well perceiue, you are not ny:
Either death, or you, Ile finde immediately. *Exit.*

Enter the Clownes.

Bott. Are wee all met?
Quin. Pat, pat: and heres a maruailes conuenient place, for our rehearſall. This greene plot ſhall be our ſtage, this hauthorne brake our tyring houſe, and wee will doe it in action, as wee will doe it before the Duke.
Bott. Peeter Quince?
Quin. What ſaieſt thou, bully, *Bottom?*
Bot. There are things in this Comedy, of *Pyramus* and *Thiſby*, that will neuer pleaſe. Firſt, *Pyramus* muſt draw a ſworde, to kill himſelfe; which the Ladies cannot abide.